

choice. Water provides food, and that equals jobs.

□ 1715

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Under a previous order of the House, the gentleman from Indiana (Mr. BURTON) is recognized for 5 minutes.

(Mr. BURTON of Indiana addressed the House. His remarks will appear hereafter in the Extensions of Remarks.)

THE TRUE MEANING OF THANKSGIVING

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Under a previous order of the House, the gentleman from Arizona (Mr. FRANKS) is recognized for 5 minutes.

Mr. FRANKS of Arizona. Mr. Speaker, the Thanksgiving thoughts that I offer this evening were written by someone who sacrificed a great deal for someone that they loved. It has really nothing to do with roast turkey or pumpkin or all of the homey images that we have come to equate with this holiday. Tonight, I want to speak of a day whose noble purpose and origins are often lost on those who think of it as only "Turkey Day."

The truth is, this national holiday has much more to do with Presidents than it does pilgrims; more to do with our precious freedoms than sumptuous feasts. Yes, it's wonderful to have Thanksgiving dinner with precious loved ones, it's wonderful to have that time with those that we care about, but this was also meant to be a time of giving thanks to God for all of his blessings, including the gift of freedom, something that often gets lost in this season, forgetting it was bought by the blood of past generations of Americans, a sacrifice still borne by so many men and women in the armed services in the battlefield these very moments.

A national day of thanksgiving to God was actually called after America became a Nation by two of our greatest Presidents and Commanders in Chief, George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. The first one was in 1789, right after this new Nation was still healing from the wounds of the American Revolution. General Washington, who had led those who favored revolution against the will of those who did not, was now seeking to unite a people with a new Constitution as one Nation under God.

There wasn't another national celebration of the day for 74 years and, ironically, it was during the Civil War in 1863, in the midst of one of our greatest national tragedies, that President Abraham Lincoln called for all his "fellow citizens in every part of the United States to set apart and observe the last Thursday of November as a day of Thanksgiving and praise to our beneficent Father who dwelleth in the heavens" so "that God could and should be solemnly, reverently, and gratefully acknowledged, as with one

heart and one voice, by the whole American people."

He went on to say "We have forgotten God" and "It is the duty of nations as well as men to own their dependence upon the overruling power of God; to confess their sins and transgressions in humble sorrow and to recognize the sublime truth, announced in the Holy Scriptures and proven by all history, that those nations are blessed whose God is the Lord."

Those words spoken nearly 1½ centuries ago came from a President who had found his own faith just a few months before. As he walked among the graves of thousands of soldiers who had fallen at the Battle of Gettysburg, his heart had broken over their tragic sacrifice. Abraham Lincoln was a President who deeply valued the lives of all Americans—civilian, slaves, and all soldiers, including everyone who actually fought against him.

The just freedom of hundreds of thousands of slaves had cost hundreds of thousands of American lives. It was an unspeakable sacrifice that weighed so heavily on him, and he believed only God could give him strength to unite the Nation again. He wrote a letter to a friend and said that he had not been a truer believer when he left Illinois to assume the Presidency.

"I asked the people to pray for me," he wrote. I was not a Christian. When I buried my son, the severest trial of my life, I was not a Christian. But when I went to Gettysburg and saw the graves of thousands of soldiers, I then and there consecrated myself to Christ."

Abraham Lincoln understood the high cost of freedom, but counting the cost and trusting God to hold and ultimately heal the Nation, President Abraham Lincoln ended slavery in America forever. Mr. Lincoln and George Washington both understood the high cost of freedom and helped to forge a new Nation with unheard of liberties, Mr. Speaker, including the right to disagree. And both of them called the Nation to thank God.

So, Mr. Speaker, as we prepare to go home to our families and loved ones, let us remember what every man and woman in the Armed Forces can tell you personally: freedom is never free. And as we sit down to Thanksgiving dinner, let us be thankful to all of those who have died that we might live in freedom—from the American Revolution to this current war we fight against jihadist terrorism. And let us thank the God, from Whom all blessings come, for this marvelous gift we call liberty and justice for all.

IN MEMORY OF SERGEANT EDUVIGES WOLF

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Under a previous order of the House, the gentleman from California (Ms. WATERS) is recognized for 5 minutes.

Ms. WATERS. Mr. Speaker and Members, I have come to the floor to speak

about two extraordinary individuals today. I rise first to honor the memory of Sergeant Eduviges Preciado Wolf of Hawthorne, California. Sergeant Eduviges was an Army sergeant assigned to the 704th Brigade Support Battalion, 4th Brigade Combat Team, 4th Infantry Division, out of Fort Carson, Colorado. Sergeant Wolf was a hero who gave her life in service to her country.

Sergeant Wolf, also known as "Duvi," dreamed of serving in the U.S. military as a child who emigrated to the United States from Mexico with her family. As soon as Duvi was able, she joined the United States military so that she could fulfill her lifelong dream to serve and protect her country. She met her husband Josh at Fort Bragg. Together, they had two daughters: 3-year-old Isabel and 1-year-old Valerie. Both Duvi and Josh were deployed to Afghanistan, where they served in separate units. Tragically, Duvi recently died in an insurgent attack while in Afghanistan. She was only 24 years old.

Earlier this month, on Veterans Day, I had the honor and privilege of participating in events with veterans and their families in my congressional district in Hawthorne and Inglewood, California. I was deeply moved by the families of our servicemembers. Not only do servicemembers make major sacrifices, but so do their families. They live with the harsh realities of war and its implications on them. Spouses must sacrifice long-term career planning, and children are often-times forced to transfer to different schools throughout the country. Tragically, as is the reality of combat theatre, some of our troops do not make it home.

Today, I salute and thank Sergeant Wolf, along with all of our Nation's past and present heroes who sacrifice a great deal in service to this country. I expressed my condolences to Duvi's sister Cecilia in Hawthorne on Veterans Day, and I know that her friends and family are still mourning. It is my hope that they will find comfort and peace in the loving memories and the distinguished legacy of service that Duvi leaves behind.

IN MEMORY OF TOMMY JACQUETTE

Ms. WATERS. I rise in memory of Tommy Jacquette, my dear friend of over 40 years, who passed away this week. I know that the community of Watts and the greater Los Angeles area are grieving with me, because we have all lost a truly unique, larger-than-life friend and activist who had his finger on the pulse of the community.

Born in South Central Los Angeles in 1943, Tommy Jacquette as a young man became part of the Black Power Movement of the 1960s and sharpened his leadership skills during his studies at Cal-Poly Pomona. He was acutely aware of the problems and issues facing the African American community, and he wanted to make a difference.

Tommy especially loved Watts, and he dedicated his life's work to enriching the community. He was the founder

of the Watts Summer Festival at Ted Watkins Memorial Park, formerly Will Rogers Park, which became an annual tradition in the community following the 1965 insurrection, which were riots that shook the Watts community and surrounding areas.

Tommy created the festival to honor and celebrate our roots, our talents, and our culture; and it subsequently helped to spark African American festivals across the country. Today, it's known as the "grandfather" of all African American cultural events.

Even in years when he struggled to get funding for the festival, when traditional donors such as the business community and others wouldn't contribute, he always came through and was able to put on a festival, using the resources he had and his amazing life skills, largely stemming from being a self-made man. Just this year I joked with him that if he had two dimes to rub together, there would be a Watts Summer Festival.

I have no doubt, however, that in making the festival possible each and every year for almost half a century, Tommy knocked a few heads together. This tall, handsome, and fatigue-wearing man made his presence known, often using his penchant for colorful language to drive home the point. His confrontations with City Hall, L.A. County, and other elected officials and community leaders are legendary. He spoke his mind and he was bold and uncompromising in his support of the African American community. So when he was mad, you knew it. However, when he was pleased and happy, you knew it too, because he had a smile that would light up a room and a hearty laugh that would resonate throughout an entire building.

The Watts Summer Festival is uniquely Tommy, bringing people together and focusing both on local and national talent, always with an Afrocentric theme.

Tommy was an inspiration to me and to so many other people. He was daring, fearless and bold, helping us to gain the courage to openly discuss and deal with race, discrimination and inequality in a way that few had been able to before.

I will truly miss his presence and the long conversations we would often have, which would usually start when he'd say "Hey Mac, what do you think about that?" He was an incredibly deep thinker. He was especially an inspiration to young people in the community, often speaking at high schools, colleges and universities to encourage them to succeed, to give back, and to hold their heads up high.

There will never be another Tommy Jacquette, and I know that the legacy he has left behind is enshrined not only in the Watts Summer Festival, but in the larger community. I look forward to working with his family and the Board of Directors to make sure that the festival continues, though there will be a big hole that can never be filled.

I thank him for all that he was and all that he was not, for all the lives he reached, and for his friendship. I will miss him dearly, but am comforted because I know Tommy

Jacquette's life was one of impact, purpose, and fulfillment.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Under a previous order of the House, the gentleman from Kansas (Mr. MORAN) is recognized for 5 minutes.

(Mr. MORAN of Kansas addressed the House. His remarks will appear hereafter in the Extensions of Remarks.)

TRIBUTE TO FORMER GOVERNOR BRUCE KING OF NEW MEXICO

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Under a previous order of the House, the gentleman from New Mexico (Mr. HEINRICH) is recognized for 5 minutes.

Mr. HEINRICH. Mr. Speaker, it's difficult to put into words the tremendous loss that New Mexicans are suffering due to the passage of an unforgettable New Mexico public servant. Last Friday, we lost former Governor Bruce King at the age of 85. He was our revered "Cowboy in the Roundhouse," who served three terms as Governor of New Mexico.

Across our State, we were all touched by this one-of-a-kind New Mexican who personified a rare brand of leadership, perseverance, and integrity. That brand of leadership epitomizes what I love about New Mexico, and I believe it was a result of his humble upbringing on a ranch near the small town of Stanley, New Mexico. There, his parents raised him to always provide water to travelers passing through their homestead, no matter their background, and certainly never asking whether they were a Republican or Democrat.

From the very beginning, Governor King's philosophy remained that New Mexicans needed to "work together and be one large family," to be successful, whether from rural New Mexico towns like Stanley or an urban center like Albuquerque. Wherever he went in our State, New Mexicans felt like Governor King spoke their language, and they felt like his agenda was to address their family's struggles.

It was clear that he loved New Mexico and New Mexicans. He loved spending time with them. He loved bridging people's differences to get things done. His leadership united New Mexicans, and I think as we near our 100th anniversary of statehood, I have no doubt that his impact will be a central chapter in our history.

Governor King passed away Friday on the ranch where he was raised in Stanley, New Mexico, almost 1 year after the passing of his wife of 61 years, Alice King. Alice was equally revered for her contributions to our great State. Together, their humanitarian legacy includes equalizing funding between wealthy and not-so-wealthy schools, as well as establishing the Children, Youth and Families Department to tackle struggles faced by youth across our State. We're heartbroken at the loss of Governor and

Mrs. King, but we're comforted that they are together again.

Mr. Speaker, I extend my heartfelt condolences to the entire King family, and I thank them for sharing such an incredible public servant with our State. It is an honor to be able to serve in the kind of State that loved two public servants like Alice and Bruce King and that was so deeply loved by both of them.

IN MEMORY OF FORMER GOVERNOR BRUCE KING OF NEW MEXICO

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Under a previous order of the House, the gentleman from New Mexico (Mr. LUJÁN) is recognized for 5 minutes.

Mr. LUJÁN. Mr. Speaker, today I join my friends MARTIN HEINRICH and HARRY TEAGUE to celebrate the life of Bruce King. For so long, Governor King has been a constant and warming presence in New Mexico, dedicating himself to our State and touching the lives of New Mexicans from border to border with his kind words, hardy laugh, and friendly drawl. It's tough to go far in New Mexico without talking to someone who has a story about Governor King, and I'm no different.

When I turned 1 year of age, Governor King sent my parents a silver cup from himself and Mrs. King, from Alice, that still holds a prominent place in my mom and dad's house. It's a practice he followed to let people know he cared and that they were in his thoughts, even as he presided over a growing and emerging State. I'm sure that there are silver cups and similar stories across New Mexico, memories sitting on mantels, stories retold around family dinner tables. His thoughtfulness and down-home way of reaching out to people across our State made him a legend.

Raised in the fields of New Mexico and instilled with a sense of value in public service, the worth of a hard day's work and a kindness toward all, Governor King went to work early in life for our country and State.

□ 1730

He served in the Army in World War II, and when he came home, he settled his family in a beautiful place called Stanley, New Mexico. He was always a rancher, a genuine cowboy, and the values he learned on the ranch guided his service in our State. Governor King used to say that when cowboys came to the ranch to water their stock, his parents didn't ask if they were Democrats or Republicans. And he took that lesson to heart.

While working across the aisle in his time as a county commissioner, State legislator, as speaker of the House and finally as our Governor, when he got a question about a tough piece of legislation or a tough issue, his approach to bipartisanship was often highlighted by his wit. "Well, some of my friends are for it," and he'd continue to say, "and